

CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE.

It Meets on the 30th—The Arion Trio—About Silk Cocoon—New Shipping Firm.

(Correspondence of The Messenger.)

Payetteville, April 19.
Mr. C. C. Lyon, of Bladen county, the chairman, sets Wednesday, 30th instant, and Payetteville as the time and place for the meeting of the congressional district executive committee, composed as follows, besides Bladen: W. B. McKoy, New Hanover; G. H. Bellamy, Brunswick; H. C. Moffitt, Columbus; G. H. Hall, Robeson; H. L. Cook, Cumberland; J. C. Clifford, Harnett. The committee will fix the date for the nominating convention, and consider other matters of party interest.

The Arion Trio—Misses Celeste L. Seymour, violinist, Katherine M. Vardell, soprano, and Lida Law, pianist, all members of the faculty of Red Springs Female seminary—gave a delightful concert last evening in the county court-room on Gillespie street, under the auspices of the Daughters of the Confederacy. The performance was of a very high grade in the art of music, and yet so admirably arranged as to meet fully the popular taste. The handsome hall had been made a bower of loveliness in flowers, palms, ferns and other decorations, through the exquisite taste of the committee, Mrs. J. H. Currie, Misses James McKethan, Sarah Brown and Mabel Elliott, while on the walls hung the sword of the old soldier, his battle-scarred flag, the rusty canteen, etc. Mrs. Seymour is a charming little wizard with the fiddle and the bow, Miss Vardell's magnificent voice has received perfect training, and Miss Law, the accomplished daughter of Rev. P. R. Law, is mistress of all the powers of her instrument.

Mr. Dwight Ashley, of Patterson, N. J., who has been here within the past two or three days, does not hesitate to express himself freely on the movement for the culture of silk cocoons. In substance he says that those who go into it will simply throw away their time, as not for generations will they be able to compete with the labor of the old countries. Mr. Ashley is chief owner of the silk mill here, an expert in his business, and his views are entitled to all consideration.

Captain J. A. Pemberton, who was obliged to retire from the railway service on account of serious injuries received in the wreck at Tenchey's 2 or 3 years ago, and Mr. H. T. Drake, have opened a shipping and commission business on Green street, and will deal largely in truck and fruit.

Right Rev. Dr. Watson, Bishop of the Episcopal diocese of eastern North Carolina, will conduct divine services, and administer the rite of confirmation at St. John's church tomorrow.

The base, part of the shaft and other material of the soldiers' monument, just completed by Mr. L. W. Durham, of Charlotte, have been received by the Cumberland Monument Association, and the bronze figure is expected in a few days.

R. E. Hill, agent for the Southern Merchandise Company of Birmingham, Ala., was committed to jail on a warrant obtained by Emmeline Patterson, a negro woman, who charges that he seized goods bought by her and already paid for. Mr. Hill is a man of attractive appearance, and is confident that he can clear himself.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Williams gave one of the pleasantest of the year last evening, where delightful refreshments were served, and there was an interesting card tournament. Mrs. S. H. Strange being the prize winner.

Dr. W. J. Jones, of Wilson, spent yesterday in the city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. MacRae.

Mr. F. E. Douglas, former clerk in the Fayetteville postoffice, has gone to Savannah, Ga., to engage in business.

A daughter, of 7 or 8 years of age, of Mr. Thrower, a farmer of Flea Hill township, was fatally burned this morning at the family home, and the father came to town for surgical treatment, having received terrible injuries to arms and hands in his efforts to save his child.

Mr. R. L. Gray, of Raleigh, came down yesterday for a visit of a few days. Mrs. Gray having arrived a few days ago.

A Frightful Blunder
Will often cause a horrible burn, scald, cut or bruise. Becklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by R. R. Bellamy.

THE TOBACCO TRUST FIGHT.
The Imperial Company Invades the Territory of the American Company—The Roman Catholic Orphanage—Injured While Attempting to Open a Rapid-Fire Gun Shell.

Messenger Bureau.
Raleigh, N. C., April 13.

Great interest is manifested in the entry into this state of the Imperial Tobacco Company. Its attorney here when asked whether it would do a retail business, said he did not know, that he only knew it would buy leaf at all points where there are warehouses and would be an active and complete competitor of the American Tobacco Company. Of course the latter is the most cordially hated of all the trusts which do business in the state. Hence the growers and the sellers of leaf will be delighted at the entry of the big English company, which proposes to put up so great a fight.

Tomorrow afternoon at Nazareth, two miles from here, the corner-stone of the "Church of the Holy Name of Jesus" will be laid by Rt. Rev. Leo Haid, O. S. B. D., vicar apostolic of North Carolina. The church will form part of the buildings at the Roman Catholic orphanage. The corner-stones of two other buildings—one a school—will also be laid. Contractor Jacob Allen is at work on all these. The orphanage is admirably located and is on a hill which looks down on Raleigh. There are 400 acres of land in the tract.

The state charters the Rhodes School Company of Kinston; capital \$6,000; also the Whitaker-Harvey Tobacco Company of Winston-Salem. The latter will deal in leaf tobacco and make and sell plug and smoking tobacco. Its capital stock is \$250,000. W. A. Whitaker and William L. Harvey are its principal stockholders.

The corporation commission will have an important session on Wednesday. At this several cases will come up for hearing.

A gentleman from Kinston who arrived here today says that yesterday a member of the naval militia there, named Mewborne, took a cartridge for a one-pounder rapid fire gun to a tinner named Moore to see what was in it. They both made the discovery and Moore is minus all the fingers of one hand. Mewborne had cut the metal part away from the shell. From the base on the latter a little pin projected and Moore was trying to find out what this pin was. He was striking it with a hammer. The shell exploded. One part tore off his fingers, while a fragment cut Mewborne's face. One part went through a wall, another through a window and into a wall.

The soldiers' home today had 103 inmates. By May 1st twelve more are to be admitted. It can give room to only 120 at the most.

A Monster Devil Fish
Destroying its victim, is a type of Constipation. The power of this monster mucus is felt on organs and nerves and muscles and brain. There's no health till it's overcome. But Dr. King's New Life Pills are a safe and certain cure. Best in the world for Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. Only 25 cents at R. R. Bellamy's drug store.

GOLDSBORO GOSSIP.
A Slight Cotton Mill Fire—Another Locomotive from the Dewey Machine Shops—Democratic Primaries.

Goldsboro, N. C., April 19.
(Correspondence of The Messenger.)

Last night about 9 o'clock an alarm of fire was sent in from box No. 91. The constant blowing of the whistle at the Borden cotton mill located the fire, and the fire department as well as a big crowd of citizens were soon on the scene. The fire was located in the warehouse of the cotton mill in which were stored several bales of cotton. The fire department did some very effective work and saved both the cotton and the building, with a small loss. Mr. Sam McLeister, a foreman at the mill, and Mr. Jackson, the night watchman, were both injured while trying to get the cotton out of the building.

The election of Mayor Hood of this city shipped today to Cruger & Pace, at Albany, Ga., a tram-way locomotive which was built on the cars of the company in this city. This firm has been building this class of locomotives for several years and they now have several orders on their books for future delivery. It takes about thirty days to build one of them.

The selection of Mayor Hood of this city as the principal orator at the celebration of the anniversary of the order by the Odd Fellows of Wilmington is a source of gratification to the many friends of our young and popular mayor, who are confident that he will acquit himself with credit and prove the wisdom of the choice of the committee.

The Odd Fellows of Goldsboro will celebrate the same anniversary on Tuesday night, April 29th with an interesting programme of music and short speeches.

Mr. N. H. Carter, one of the leading business men of Wallace, was here today on business. He is one of the largest buyers of strawberries on the road and ships a number of car loads every year.

Mr. N. B. Person, who has been buying cotton at Rockingham for Alexander Sprunt & Son, of Wilmington, arrived in the city today, where he will spend the time before the opening of the season next fall.

The dramatic club of the Agricultural and Mechanical college at Raleigh will present "The Rivals" in this city on the 25th instant.

The democratic county executive committee met in the office of the chairman, Judge W. R. Allen, in this city today and decided to call the county primaries for June 21st and the county convention for June 28th. Nominations for county and legislative officers will be made by ballot at the primaries.

The Creed of Presbyterians.
A letter from Fairman Preston, a student at Princeton, N. J., contains the following interesting bit of news about a North Carolina book now nearing its eighth edition:

Rev. Win. Paxton, D. D., LL. D., president of Princeton theological seminary and professor of ecclesiastical, homiletical and pastoral theology, on a recent occasion presented each member of our senior class with a copy of Dr. Egbert W. Smith's book, "The Creed of Presbyterians." In presenting the books, Dr. Paxton said that he had stumbled upon a copy the week before and had become so engrossed and delighted with it that he had read it through at a single sitting. "I cannot speak of it in terms too high," he continued. "It is the best thing I have ever seen on the subject, and I have read much. It is especially welcome at this time when our visions need to be clarified as to the facts of our creed."

The book may be ordered from Wharton Bros., Greensboro, N. C.; single copies 60 cents, postpaid. In lots of twelve or more, 45 cents each, express prepaid.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

ZEB WHITE, FULE.

AFTER A QUEER EXPERIENCE HE DECIDES THAT IS HIS TITLE.

He Sneered at His Wife's Advice. She Warned Him of a Coming Landslide, but He Was "Cantankerous" and Wouldn't Listen.

(Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.)

"I've had mews as was peaceful minded, and I've had mews as was cantankerous," said the old possum hunter as we sat before the big fireplace in his cabin on the Cumberland mountains. "And I ain't sayin' that I blame the cantankerous. If human bein's git cantankerous, why shouldn't mews? That was a time when I used to git as sot and onery as any mews yo' ever heard tell of, and I was jest thinkin' of one of them times. When I built my first cabin on this yere mountain, it was clus up to the foot of a hill. Folks told me that a landslide



"WHAT YO' SITTING FUR?" HE SAID.

would come along some time and make matchwood of that cabin and bury us thirty feet deep, but I wasn't to be skeered out of a good location on that account. I was buildin' so as to be nigh a spring and a road, yo' see. Once in awhile as time went on thar'd be a slip to the right or left of us, but nuthin' to do any hurt. We'd lived thar about three y'ars when a peddler cum along one day and said I was either a fule or flyin' in the face of Providence. Way up thar, half a mile above us, was a big bluff of airt and rock, and when I went up to look at it one day I kinder made up my mind that about a week's rain soakin' into the ground around thar would start a slide. I reckoned we orter git away, but it was a tight cabin, with three acres of rich sile, and of co'se I felt like takin' chances. We kept talkin' 'bout movin', but also kept holdin' on, and so a week passed. Then spring sot in, and it rained and rained. I never did see it pour down so steady and so long. Reckoned it rained fur 'bout 'leven days without a break. One mornin' jest befo' daylight the ole woman woke me up jest as I was dreamin' of cuttin' down a tree with thirteen coons roostin' on the limbs, and she sez to me, sez she:

"Zeb White, git up!"
"What fur?"
"Dekase yo' wanten be a gittin'."

"A gittin' fur what?"
"A gittin' outer this yere cabin. I've heard the trees and rocks crackin' up thar fur the last hour, and I tell yo' we are gwine to hev a landslide."

"Whar do yo' make a study of land-slides?" sez I, feelin' mortal mean 'bout losin' all them coons.

"Zeb, don't be a fule."

"One in the family is 'nuff, I reckon."

"That fired her up. 'Deed, but I felt so mean 'bout them thirteen coons, with coonskins bringin' six bits in cash that y'ar, that I sorter wanted to git up a row. It didn't take long. She jumped outer bed with her jaw sot, and when I got up she was sittin' on a stone out in the yard with an umbrella over her head."

"What yo' sittin' fur? sez I as I looks out."

"I'm a-sittin' to sot, sez she as her ears worked and her toes dug into the sile."

"What yo' sittin' to sot fur instead of gittin' breakfast?"

"None o' yo' bizness."

"She was mad, and I was mad, and so I goes in and gets breakfast and don't look out ag'in till I was through. She hadn't moved an inch, and she looked madder'n ever. I looked up at the bluffs, and my ha'r began to curl. I could see a change, and I knowed that thar was gwine to be a slide fur shore. So I sez to her, sez I:

"Ole woman, we hain't got ten minits to git outer this. Grab up what yo' kin and foller me."

"What's the rumpus, Zeb? she calmly asks as she begins to hum a tune."

"Gwine to hev a landslide, and it may cum any minit. 'Pears to me the whole hill is makin' ready to move right down on our cabin, and if we don't git out we shall never be heard of no mo'."

"Whar did yo' make a study of them air land-slides, Zeb?"

"Don't make no fule of yo'self, ole woman, fur things up thar is already shakin'."

"One fule in the family is 'nuff, I reckon. Yo' kin go right on. My ole man says thar's no danger of a landslide, and so I'm goin' to sot right yere."

"I begged her pardon and coaxed her," said Zeb, "but it was no use. I took holt of her, but she mighty nigh bit my thumb off. I could h'ar the trees snappin' up thar and was jest wild, and I sez to her:

"Ole woman, are yo' sot?"
"'Deed I are, Zeb."

"And are yo' gwine to take chancer

of bein' buried under a million tons of dirt and rock?"

"Reckon I am."

"And won't nuthin' move yo'?"

"Nuthin' but that yere landslide which my ole man says hain't a-cumin'."

"Yo' are sot, ole woman," sez I, "and yo' are a fule to boot, but I can't leave yo' to perish. Up yo' git and cum along."

"But it was no use. When I tried to lift her up, she bit and kicked and wouldn't be budged. I was powerfully skeert, and I knowed the ole woman couldn't be unsot of her sotness. I got the clock and the feather bed and rushed up the road to the bend, and I hadn't only jest siewed around when the mountain moved. It was a sight to lift yo'r heels, all that rock and dirt and trees and bushes rushin' down, and the ole woman sot on the stone as stiff as a poker and waited fur it to reach her. It was rollin' right over her when I closed my eyes and sunk down. When I cum to, everything was burly burly—wife gone, cabin gone, land buried out of sight."

"Mebbe yo' can imagine my feelin's," said the old man as he stopped to knock the ashes out of his pipe and scratch his leg. "I kinder fainted and fell down; then I sot up and cried; then I stood up and cussed. Reckon I was crazy fur 'bout an hour. I was sittin' down and weepin' and groanin' when I heard a step and looked up to find my ole woman not ten feet away. Her clothes was a leetle dusty, and thar was a leetle blood on one ear, but she was mighty peart as she sez to me, sez she:

"Stranger, yo' mought be acquaint-ed round these yere parts?"

"Slightly, marm—slightly," sez I.

"Do yo' happen to know a fam'ly named White—Zeb White, the great hunter arter possums?"

"I do, marm."

"Got a fule in the fam'ly, I'm told."

"Yes, marm, he has."

"Which is it—Zeb or his wife?"

"It's Zeb, marm, and dod rot his ole skin if I don't lick him to squash the fast time I meets him. Come up yere and be hugged and kissed and bless the Lawd that I hain't a widower as well as a fule."

"And she had escaped?" I queried.

"Stranger, the hand of the Lawd was in it. She was carried a distance of fifty feet and siewed into a ditch with two logs across it. When the stuff quit fallin', she was buried ten feet deep, but she got out between two rocks and cum walkin' up to me as calm as a mews gwine to water."

"And since then?"

"Oh, thar hain't bin no quarrelin' as to which is the fule in the fam'ly," laughed Zeb as he rose up for more tobacco.

M. QUAD.

Repartee.
Mr. M.'s Acquiescence.

"What do you think, James?"

remarked Mrs. Meekton to her spouse. "Mother says she wants to be cremated."

"All right," replied Meekton quickly. "Tell her to get her things on, and I'll take her down at once."—Town Topics.

The Step-mother.
Victor—How is your new mamma, Bobby?

Bobby—She does very well for an amateur.

Man Proposes.
Jack—And what answer did you get?

Reggie—Well, she said she had not as yet questioned her heart. I must wait.

Jack—And what did you say to that?

Reggie—I haven't the least idea. But, say, I'd be awfully glad if you would be my best man.—Brooklyn Life.

The Bent Pin.
"Don't you consider it lucky to pick up a pin?" inquired the superstitious man.

"Not if you pick it up by sitting down on it," replied the schoolmaster promptly.—Philadelphia Press.

No Criterion.
Manager—Is he intelligent enough to take the part?

Assistant—Why, he is intelligent enough to have written the play.

"That's no sign."—Life.

A Modest Maid.
Blodbs—Why did that Bjones girl blush so furiously at dinner?

Slobbs—She's so modest she doesn't even like to see the salad dressing.—Philadelphia Record.

Reversed.
Tom—Do you think you'll have much trouble in popping the question?

Dick—No. I think I'll have more trouble questioning pop.—Chicago News.

Spring Fever.
I would be no sluggard,
"Cause a sluggard has to sleep,
And slumberin' allus filled me
With aversion strong and deep;
Cause I likes to feel the sunlight,
And I likes the starlight, too,
And I likes to watch the seasons,
Without nothin' else to do.

So when I'm good and lazy,
What a waste of time it seems
To shet my eyes, unconscious,
And go driftin' into dreams!
But jes' a half way dozin'
Is enough to stop the light,
And you knows that you're a loafin'
And a-doin' of it right.

—Washington Star.

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